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GEORGE WILLIAMS.

FOUNDER OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Few men in the city of London, says the "Sunday at Home," are more widely known and more highly esteemed than George Williams of St. Paul's Churchyard. In his business, he is head of the great drapery establishment of Hitchcock, Williams & Co. The imposing facade, with its tempting windows, and well-stocked show-rooms, are familiar to multitudes of visitors, both metropolitan and provincial. But the retail department forms only a small portion of the premises, which reach back into Paternoster Row, and buildings, and square beyond. Altogether, it is one of the most remarkable of the mercantile firms of the city; with many directing heads of departments, and giving employment to multitudes of assistants and workers. Between five and six hundred dine in the house every day, and above one thousand workers are engaged in the factories. A library, reading-rooms, and other advantages are provided. A chaplain conducts daily service, a Churchman and a Nonconformist in alternate weeks. There is also a Missionary Society maintained in the house.

It is not, however, as a man of business that Mr. George Williams is now referred to. He is a leader in many efforts of Christian work and practical philanthropy. He is on the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and of the London City Mission, and a director or generous supporter of the Church Missionary Society, the Religious Tract Society, and many other institutions. He is president of the "Warehousmen and Clerks' Provident Society." The "Aged Pilgrims' Almshouses," and similar agencies have in him a liberal friend. But, above all, he is known as the founder and president of the "Young Men's Christian Association," in itself one of our most important religious organizations, and the parent of many societies with the same object, both throughout England and on the Continent.

Born at Dulverton, in Somersetshire, in 1827, George Williams began his mercantile career at Bridgewater. He came to London in 1841, to better his position, and found employment as an assistant in the firm of "Hitchcock and Rogers."

After he had been in St. Paul's Churchyard a very short time, he was much concerned about the moral and spiritual condition of the many thousands of assistants and clerks in the business houses of London. Many of them came from the country, like himself; and comparatively few of that period were connected with any church, or had the least concern about religious observances or moral conduct. The days had passed when the heads of firms resided at the places of business, and the young people in their employment, left to their own resources, were exposed to all the temptations of the great metropolis. Finding a few

young men of like mind, and who retained the piety of their early years, it occurred to George Williams that good might result from the formation of a society for mutual improvement and for spiritual communion. In June 1844, twelve young men met in his bedroom, to talk the matter over, and to join in a prayer union. They there continued to meet, and from this small beginning sprang the "Young Men's Christian Association." They had, doubtless, much opposition at first, and had need both of patience and faith to carry out their purpose, but God prospered their efforts. It appears that Mr. Hitchcock himself, on hearing what was going on, was so struck, that he gave his attention to religious concerns, with the result that he himself became a leader and director in every good

and societies and leagues on the side of virtue and religion among the young.

But we must here confine ourselves to a brief statement of the history and progress of the institution founded by George Williams. The Association at first found a home at Radley's Hotel, from which the headquarters were removed to Gresham street, and again to Aldersgate street, which is still the principal centre in the city. The Society was happy in obtaining as its first secretary the late Rev. T. H. Tarlton, afterwards Rector of Lutterworth, the parish ever famous for its association with Wycliffe, the great English Reformer. Equally fortunate was it in having as his successor Mr. W. E. Shipton, a man wise, devout, and sensible, who was as a father to many a young man in the first plunge

Y.M.C.A., for there had been delivered many Courses of Lectures and Addresses in that place, by men most eminent in science and learning, as well as in the churches. One of these lectures was given by Sir Richard Owen, the greatest of modern men of science; and the names of many of the most eloquent and popular divines and notables of the reign of Victoria will be found in the twenty volumes containing the "Exeter Hall Lectures to the Y.M.C.A."

It is not our purpose to give details of the various works carried on in connection with Exeter Hall under its new ownership. The Great Hall and the Lower Hall are still available for public meetings. The members of the Y.M.C.A. have reading-rooms, classes, and many privileges; while many of them also enjoy the advantage of a well-equipped gymnasium, in Long Acre, for athletic exercises, every encouragement being given to physical as well as educational training.

TO THE RESCUE!

"You've got a happy face, skipper. I think you must be a Christian."

So said I one fine evening to one of the most sunny-looking sailors I think I ever saw. He had a broad ruddy face, weathered by the North Sea breezes; and as he leaned over the pier rails, looking seawards, I felt drawn to the man. Faces do not always tell the truth, I know, but some faces are unmistakably Christian, and as I looked at him, I felt no doubt that he must be a Christian man, and so I hazarded the remark which opened this paper.

I was right. No one likes to be recognized as a Christian unless he is one. He prefers, of course, to be called by his own name, especially when it is a good one. And my sailor friend was not a little glad to be recognized. His face broke into the happiest of smiles as he said—

"I don't know about my face, mister, but my heart's right, thank God! If a chap's right there, I s'pose it gits out in the face somehow."

After a little more conversation, he asked me if I should like to know how he came to be converted. If so, he said, he would tell me all about it.

I was, of course, only too glad, and I told him so.

"Well, sir," he began; "if there wor any man sailing out o' this 'ere port as needed convertin' I wor that man. I wor a bad lot, an' no mistake about it. They used to call me 'Bad Bill,' for in my cups, I'd stick at nothin'."

There wor three on us as had shares in a small fishing boat, and there wor'n much to chuse atween us for badness. We wor all swearers, an' all drinkers, an' all godless. But somehow, though we had used to quarrel wi' pretty nearly everybody, we got on pretty middlin' wi' each other. I don't know for why it happened so.

One day 'twas in November, I remem-



GEORGE WILLIAMS.

work. Those who are old enough to remember that time, know how great were his services to the cause of the Gospel, and also will admit how great is the contrast between the condition then and now of a large number of the London shop assistants and clerks. The majority may still choose evil rather than good, but none who wish to live honorable, moral, and pious lives, need lack the help and encouragement of an institution so well organized, and with so many branches, as the "Young Men's Christian Association." The success has been contagious; for there are now also other successful institutions with similar objects, not only in connection with public bodies, such as the "Church of England Young Men's Association," but also in many of the great houses of the city, there

into London life. Their names will be ever remembered, along with that of the founder and president of the Association.

In 1880 a great step in advance was taken, in the purchase of Exeter Hall, which then came into the market for sale, a place long associated with religious and missionary anniversary meetings, and the centre of many philanthropic and useful activities. The £25,000, required at the outset for securing the property, was contributed by Messrs. Williams, Samuel Morley, Allerott, Denny, and Bevan the banker, who each subscribed £5,000. The Hall was opened on March 29, 1881, by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who gave a most interesting summary of the objects and the work of the Association.

Exeter Hall was not wholly new to the

ber, we wor off on one o' our trips, when a gale catched us. We wor pretty well used to gales, so we didn't mind 'em as a rule. We just lowered our sail a bit or took in a few reefs, and druv' afore it if we could. But this wor a tippin' big gale. Afore long we seed we wor in for it, and looked into each other's faces wi' a look as says a deal more'n we could say wi' our mouths. When I tell you, sir, that six big trawlers from this 'ere port went down wi' all hands in that there gale, you can judge the fix we wor in.

Well, sir, I'd got to pull in the jib, an' went forrads to do it, when, afore I knew what wor up, a great sea struck us, went clear over us, and carried me along wi' it. I giv' a great cry, so they told me arterwards, and disappeared.

To tell the plain truth, sir, I thought 'twor all up wi' me. I never expected to see dry land again, and my mates thought the same. For you see, sir, it worn't aisy to pull up in a gale, and a light boat like ours, drivin' afore such a wind, wor soon out o' reach even to the best o' swimmers, which I worn't.

Well, I managed to kape afloat, for, thought I, 'better to die strugglin' than to give in like a coward.'

As I kep' strugglin' in them there dark waters, all alone, and wi' almost certain death starin' me in the face, thoughts kep' rushin' through my brain in a wonderful way. I never thought a chap could think so fast afore. An' such thoughts, too, as I never dreamed would enter my head, thoughts o' fear, an' shame, an' sorrow; thoughts o' conviction that I'd been a bad man, an' thoughts which kep' on saying, 'Oh! that I'd got one more chance o' preparing for another world.' I felt then, sir, as I'd change places wi' the poorest Christian man that wor.

An' then I began to pray.

'Lord,' I says, 'I'm a poor sinner, an' ain't ready to die. Save me, Lord. Save me!'

'If ever I git out o' this, which ain't at all likely,' I resolved, 'I'll be a different man. I'll turn Christian. I won't swear no more, nor drink no more, nor go along with them as do. I'll go to church reg'lar, an' I'll be a good 'un.'

O' course I can't remember all I thought or said, for, as I've said, thoughts go gallopin' along too fast fur many o' 'em to be catched.

'If my mates baint quick,' says I to myself, 'the game's up. I can't hold out much longer,' for I felt that chilled an' weary that 'twould be asier to give up than to hold on. But God had got his eye on me all the time.

'Hullo!' cried one o' my mates not werry far away.

O' course I answered back, and struck out as well as I could in the direction of the voice. An' soon I hear the rushing o' the boat, and soon I see her.

Well, they picked me up, an' put me, drippin', at the bottom o' the boat, and tamed homewards; an' glad I wor, sir, to find myself home again.

Did I forget my good resolutions? No fear, sir. I went to a fisherman's service the werry next night, and settled it all. O' course it took a bit o' explainin'. But I wor that eager an' ripe that I took it in all nat'ral like, an' accepted the blessed Saviour for mine. I wor only too glad to, you see, sir.

That wor how I began to be a Christian, sir, an' how I come to be converted; an' I thank God from the werry bottom o' my heart, for that there storm, and for knockin' me overboard wi' that great wave. That wor the blesseddest wave that ever wor, an' it would be a grand thing if more fellers wor knocked inter the kingdom wi' some more like it.

Did I keep it to myself? I should think not. I couldn't if I tried. I'd got to bring my two mates over the line too. So I prayed for 'em, lived for 'em, talked to 'em, an' did all I could think of to git 'em converted too. And converted they wor by the grace o' God. Not both at once; nor neither o' 'em at once; but arter a goodish while they both on 'em accepted the Lord's salvation.

We've got a bigger boat now: for God ha' that prospered us that we found ourselves able to buy a smack. There she be, sir, close to the north pier. An' we've got a Christian crew aboard, and as we go along you should hear us sing. Happy!

Bless yer heart! Ain't we cause to be happy?—*Rev. Charles Courtenay in Friendly Greetings.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT NEW SMYRNA.

It begins an hour before it commences. That is, the sexton, a converted man, and not demented, not one of the weaker brethren, opens all the windows, and the front door and the back door, lets a bit of God's breath of spring pass through. It drives out the dead and buried atmosphere and makes a kind of an Easter resurrection to start with.

Somebody is at the door as the children all come in. Yes, one at each side of the door; and every little one gets a pat on the head, or a hand-shake, or at least a smile as he comes into the cheery "Interpreter's House." There is a greeting also for the older grown. There are ushers; not the formal, kid-gloved sort, but girls and boys who have been long enough in the school to be joined to it. These conduct to the various classes as their services are needed. The superintendent appoints these ushers as honor men from month to month; they bear each a ribbon. Everybody feels at the outset that he is welcome; he is compelled to feel so.

There is life and a breezy life abroad. Up at the instrument the strains of a pretty Sunday-school hymn are being softly discoursed. The assistant superintendent (the superintendent has not come in yet) does not check the conversation in the seats, so long as it keeps to a certain subdued measure. But he watches. Once in a while he leans to smilingly remind an altogether too exuberant spirit of the proprieties of the hour. There is the twitter of a bird or two in the cages at the side of the room, and there is a pleasant odor of apple-blossoms from a white bough that some one has brought in. It is God's house, and all of God's beautiful handiwork has a place.

Promptly at the hour the superintendent comes in, accompanied by the pastor, who is regarded as, officially at least, at the head of the Sunday-school, as indeed, of all departments of the church. The superintendent is simply his chief of staff for this portion of the work, its whole management, however, placed in his trusty hands. They have just now been holding a few moments of preliminary prayer in the pastor's study. Why should not the Bible-study service, as well as the preaching service, be preceded by prayer to God? The superintendent steps to the bell and strikes it, and instantly all heads bow in silent prayer, broken presently by the pastor's voice, as he leads their supplications up to the Lord's prayer, when all recite in concert. Instantly at a prompt chord from the instrument all rise and sing the Coronation, and the Sunday-school session has commenced.

"Has some one a selection?" says the superintendent. No. 21 is called for. They sing it. Now let one of the Bible class suggest a hymn. No. 45 is called for. "Now one from the infant class." A little hand is up: "Jesus bids us shine" is sung. While the orchestra (there is a violin and a flute, besides the organ and piano) play the 122d number, a new piece which we will presently sing, the secretaries will make their distributions and take up the offerings. Then they sing, a good, ringing voice leading from the front. "And now the lesson." It is read in concert to-day. "A half hour for the study"—and the classes are at work.

The superintendent and his assistants quickly adjust the now comers and the strangers. Several substitute teachers are placed, all being done very quietly, so as not to disturb the classes in the study. The infant class goes off to an adjoining room where their occasional singing will not be heard (they sing soft, quiet pieces). The pastor is not chained down to any one class or place. He is an "all round man" that can be placed where he is most needed at the time. Frequently when pressed with work he simply, as Dr. Anderson used to advise, looks in and smiles. He has the liberty of the school.

A ring at the bell, and then another a little later and the school is all attention again. A solo or duet is rendered; a recitation bearing on the subject is heard. Another song from the school, a three-

minute blackboard exercise, announcements, hymn, scripture, benediction, and the school is dismissed. Time one hour, and a full, happy hour. We will go again.—*Standard.*

THE GREATEST RETURNS.

The superintendent sometimes finds it difficult to supply classes as he feels they should be supplied, because some of the men and women, who should teach, are not willing to do so. They lack the spirit of self-denial. They are not willing to assume the responsibilities and perform the duties belonging to the office of a teacher. This shirking of duty is displeasing to God and injurious to his cause. We doubt whether there is a place in God's vineyard that brings greater returns of satisfaction and joy to the faithful worker than that of a teacher in the Sunday-school.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

LESSON I.—JULY 2, 1893.

PAUL CALLED TO EUROPE.—Acts 16:6-15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Matt. 28:19.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 10:1-20.—The Apostles sent to the Jews.
T. Matt. 23:11-20.—The Apostles sent to All Nations.
W. Acts 3:26-40.—Philip sent to the Ethiopian.
Th. Acts 10:9-27.—Peter sent to Cornelius.
F. Acts 15:35-40.—Paul sent to Europe.
S. 2 Cor. 2:14-17.—A Door Opened.
S. Gal. 3:1-13.—Neither Circumcision nor Uncircumcision.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Shutting of Doors. vs. 6-8.
II. The Call to Macedonia. vs. 9-12.
III. The First Convert in Europe. vs. 13-15.

TIME.—A.D. 51; Claudius Caesar emperor of Rome; Cumanus governor of Judea.
PLACE.—Philippi, in Macedonia, now Turkey in Europe.

OPENING WORDS.

Paul and Barnabas determined to revisit the churches they had formed during their first missionary journey. Differing about the companion they should take with them, they separated. Paul chose Silas, and went through Syria and Cilicia, and came to Derbe and Lystra. There he was joined by Timothy, a native of Lystra. Our lesson traces his course from Lystra to Philippi, and tells us of the foundation of the first European church in that city.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

6. *Phrygia*—a large central district of Asia Minor. *Galatia*—a province east of Phrygia. *Asia*—a province in the western part of Asia Minor, having Ephesus for its capital. 7. *Mysia*—a district in the north-west corner of Asia Minor. *Bithynia*—south of the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. 8. *Troas*—a seaport of Mysia. See 2 Cor. 2:12. 9. *Macedonia*—a country of Europe, north of Greece. *Thrace*—with the gospel. 10. *Lycaonia*—who wrote this book, probably joined the apostle at Troas. 11. *Samothrace*—an island in the Aegean Sea, about halfway between Troas and Macedonia. *Neapolis*—a seaport on the Macedonian coast. 12. *Philippi*—an important city about ten miles north-west from Neapolis. *Colony*—a place inhabited by Roman citizens, with all the rights and privileges of Rome itself. 13. *Where prayer was wont to be made*—perhaps a roofless enclosure. 14. *A seller of purple*—either of the dye itself or of cloth purple-dyed. *Thyatira*—a city on the northern border of Lydia. *Worshipped God*—a Gentile proselyte to the Jewish faith. *Whose heart the Lord opened*—inclined by his Spirit to listen to the truth. 15. *Her household*—it is not stated that this included children, but from the frequent mention of household baptism the practice of infant baptism is reasonably inferred.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What did Paul propose to Barnabas? Whom did Barnabas wish to take with them? Why did Paul object to this? What was the result? What did Barnabas do? Whom did Paul choose? Where did they go? Whom did Paul take with him from Lystra? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE SHUTTING OF DOORS. vs. 6-8.—Through what districts did Paul pass? Why did he not preach in Asia? Why did he not visit Bithynia? To what place did he come?

II. THE CALL TO MACEDONIA. vs. 9-12.—How was Paul called to Macedonia? How did he respond to the call? What besides the vision convinced Paul that God had called him to preach in Macedonia? To what place did Paul go from Troas? From Neapolis? Where was Philippi? Meaning of a colony?

III. THE FIRST CONVERT IN EUROPE. vs. 13-15.—What did the missionaries do on the Sabbath? What woman is mentioned by name? What is said about her? How did she profess her faith in Christ? Who were baptized with her? What is baptism? To whom is baptism to be administered? What did Lydia then request?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God sometimes shuts out his servants from

one field because he has work for them to do in another.

2. We should seek and follow God's guidance in all our work for him.
3. We should heed the cry of heathen lands, "Come over and help us."
4. The Lord must open the heart before it will receive the truth.
5. Household baptism is a Christian duty and privilege.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How was Paul called to Macedonia? Ans. He saw in a vision a man who said to him, Come over into Macedonia and help us.
2. To what place did he go? Ans. To Philippi, a city of Macedonia.
3. What did he do on the Sabbath? Ans. He went to a place of prayer by the river-side, and preached there.
4. What effect followed his preaching? Ans. The Lord opened the heart of Lydia to receive the truth.
5. How did Lydia profess her faith in Christ? Ans. She and her household were baptized.

LESSON II.—JULY 9, 1893.

PAUL AT PHILIPPI.—Acts 16:19-31.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16:31.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 16:16-40.—Paul at Philippi.
T. Luke 4:33-44.—Demons Silenced.
W. 2 Cor. 11:21-33.—In Stripes and in Prisons.
Th. 1 Peter 4:12-19.—Suffering for Christ.
F. Rom. 3:10-18.—The Need of Salvation.
S. Rom. 3:19-31.—Justified by Grace.
S. Phil. 4:1-23.—Paul to the Philippians.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Cast into Prison. vs. 19-24.
II. Doings in the Prison. vs. 25-28.
III. A Conversation in the Prison. vs. 29-31.

TIME.—A.D. 51; Claudius Caesar emperor of Rome; Cumanus governor of Judea.
PLACE.—Philippi in Macedonia, now Turkey in Europe.

OPENING WORDS.

The events of this lesson occurred very soon after the conversion of Lydia, of which we had an account in our last lesson. Paul spoiled the business of some men in Philippi by casting out an evil spirit, and the result was that he and Silas were arrested, scourged and cast into prison. How the malice of these men was overruled for the furtherance of the gospel we learn from today's lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

19. *The hope of their gains*—the damsel ceased to make money for them by her pretended prophecies. *Market-place*—where the courts were held. 20. *Being Jews*—despised and suspected by the Romans. 21. *Their clothes*—those of the prisoners. 22. *Many stripes*—the Jews never inflicted more than thirty-nine, lest they should exceed the limit of the law. (Deut. 25:3); the Romans had no such law. 24. *Inner prison*—a dark dungeon, secured with strong gates and bolts. *Stocks*—wooden blocks with holes, in which the feet were fastened. 25. *Earthquake*—by divine power, in answer to their prayers. 27. *Would have killed himself*—to avoid the disgrace and punishment of death to which those were liable who permitted prisoners to escape. See Acts 12:19. 30. *What must I do to be saved?*—from his sins and their consequences. 31. *Believe*—the gospel answer to every penitent inquirer.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Give an account of the conversion of Lydia. What miracle did Paul perform? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. CAST INTO PRISON. vs. 19-24.—What did the masters of the damsel do? Why did they do this? Of what did they accuse Paul and Silas? What did the magistrates do? Where were Paul and Silas put after the scourging? What charge did the jailer receive? How did he obey it? What were the stocks?

II. DOINGS IN THE PRISON. vs. 25-28.—What did Paul and Silas do in the prison? Who heard them? What strange events followed? By whose power were all these things done? For what purpose? What effect had these things on the jailer? What was he about to do? How did Paul prevent him?

III. A CONVERSATION IN THE PRISON. vs. 29-31.—What did the jailer then do? What important question did he ask? What did the apostles answer? What is faith in Jesus Christ? What was then done? Who were baptized with the jailer? How did he further show the reality of his conversion?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Faith in Christ will give songs of praise, even amid stripes and imprisonment.
2. God overrules the designs of wicked men, and makes their wrath to praise him.
3. The great question for everyone is, "What must I do to be saved?"
4. The gospel answer to every such inquirer is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."
5. Saving faith produces joy, and shows itself in good works.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What ill treatment did Paul and Silas receive at Philippi? Ans. They were arrested, beaten with rods and cast into prison.
2. What did they do in the prison? Ans. At midnight they prayed and sang praises unto God.
3. How were their prayers answered? Ans. The prison was shaken, the doors were opened and the prisoners' bands were loosed.
4. What important question did the jailer ask? Ans. What must I do to be saved?
5. How did Paul and Silas reply? Ans. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.
6. How did the jailer show his faith in Christ? Ans. He took Paul and Silas the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOUSEKEEPER'S ALPHABET.

Always have your meals on time.
Be as cheerful as circumstances will permit.
Cook good viands, and take pains in your art.
Desserts that are simple are best of all.
Every time you can do so, sit down to work.
Finish most of your work in the morning.
Go leisurely about your daily tasks.
Have all your lamps cleaned and filled before night.
In no case clean with gasoline in a room with fire.
Joy helps food to digest; promote it.
Kill the blues with pleasant occupation.
Let no task master you; be mistress of it.
Many steps may be saved by a little forethought.
Never argue; it breeds bitterness and wastes time.
Only common characters are scolds.
Play and seek amusement as often as you can.
Quiet and order are two great blessings.
Remember that you are the fixed home star.
Sing at your work.
Try and get "forty winks" during the day.
Use tact in handling "the reins."
Vell homo worries from neighbors and guests.
Wash Monday, but don't iron until Wednesday.
Xanthippe the shrew should be no woman's model.
Yield up your whims if they disturb the peace.
Zeal and industry are the corner-stone of thrift.
—Christian at Work.

COMMON-SENSE AND CHICKENS.

BY MARION HANLAND.

This paper is not written for people who are going into poultry culture upon a large scale. I believe that chicken-farming can be made profitable, and that women who wish to earn a living and something over may engage in it with reasonable expectation of success, if they are willing to study the business in all its details, and bring to it energy, intelligence, and personal diligence.

This and bee-raising are professions for which women are eminently adapted. There would almost seem to be a nameless and peculiar sympathy between the denizens of the poultry-yard and the hen-wife, who enters into their needs and comprehends their habits as men seldom do.

Frankly confessing my ignorance of "incubators," and "brooders," and "runs," and dozens of patent appliances pertaining to the great poultry farm, I prefer to talk to dwellers in the country and in suburban townships who would like, without much outlay of money, to raise fowls for family consumption, and to have, the year round, a supply of eggs for the table and culinary purposes. A dozen or twenty hens, well looked after, will pay for their feed many times over in the course of a year, besides furnishing the care-taker with interesting and healthful occupation.

Without trespassing upon the realm of the chicken fancier and dealer, a word with regard to breeds may help her who has not yet stocked her yard. As layers, White Leghorns give general satisfaction, but they are fickle sitters and negligent mothers, besides being, as a rule, undersized, hence not desirable for broilers and roasters. Wyandottes are of nobler proportions, lay fairly well, and their flesh is excellent eating. They are, moreover, inclined to keep the nest after once consenting to sit, cover their chickens comfortably, and are not remiss in care of them. In my own experience I have found no more satisfactory "all-round" breed than Plymouth Rocks. If I could have but one, I should take them for family use.

If Dame Partlet has been properly attended to in the winter, she gives earlier token of the approaching spring than willow-catkin or wind flower. She has not hibernated in idleness. If her house has been snug, with a sunny exposure of the windowed side; if she has had once a day a warm mash; compounded of kitchen refuse, including bones, stirred up with Indian meal when the pot is taken hot from the back of the range, a feed of corn at noon and one of buckwheat and corn at evening; if pounded oyster-shells have been strewed freely upon the cement or asphalt floor; if her nest has been clean and in a dusky corner—she ought to have laid with grateful regularity all winter. A thermometer below zero and high searching winds are a valid excuse for occasional lapses in duty.

Under this treatment—which she will not get except from a patient mistress whose interest in her has in it a dash of maternal fondness—she will tiptoe into the barn on the first mild days of February plump and sleek, with a comb like a Jacqueminot rose, and a breast so swollen with beneficent intention that hints of it escape in the gentle croon, more meaningful and melodious than any written song without words. It is not a sentimental boast; she means business, and to give her whole mind to it.

As encouragement to her praiseworthy design see that her premises have a good dry cleaning. Scrubbing and scouring come later in the season. On every day in the year the hay in the nest should be lifted, shaken lightly over a box or barrel kept for that purpose, then put back into place. A dozen nests can be thus visited and "made up" in half as many minutes. There will be no need of renewing the hay oftener than once a month in winter, once in ten days in summer. I have never known hens to be troubled by vermin when this simple precaution was taken, provided walls and floor was likewise swept weekly. Make ready for spring campaign by having every corner of the chicken-house scraped and brushed; scald the roosts in clean water to which a teaspoonful of carbolic acid has been added for every gallon of boiling water. About once a fortnight in cold weather put a good pinch of cayenne pepper into the morning rations of meal-mash. Allow your hens all the range you can afford to give them. They lay better under the impression that they are working for their living by picking up gravel from the walks, excavating in the stable-yard for torpid larvae, and raking over rubbish for tidbits you are too ignorant to value. Partlet is essentially bohemian. Lawlessness is bound up in her heart, and the scientific martinet of the poultry farm cannot drive it far from her. To do her justice, she is willing to pay in coin current of her realm for the privilege of peregrination. The freer her range, and the more liberal the allowance of kitchen scraps, the more eggs she will give you.

She is a simpleton as to identification of them after they are laid. So long as one egg remains in the nest she goes into no calculation of the number of which she has been robbed, and a china counterfeit satisfies her instead of the pearly or pinkish-brown oval she left in the hay yesterday forenoon. The advantages to you of the porcelain cheat are dual. An added egg breaks easily and fouls the nest, sometimes actually exploding before the rush of the gas generated in the shell, and you cannot afford to throw away fresh eggs as decoys.

As the days lengthen and the sunshine brightens the nests must be shaded. Partlet loves darkness rather than light while laying and sitting. These are transactions which, in her opinion, ought to be done in a corner. However honest, she skulks like a criminal when bent upon fulfilling the purpose of her creation and preservation. A patent nest set in the sight of men she will none of. She will sooner scratch out a hole under a sill or board and hide her talent in the earth, without so much as a shred of a napkin or a wisp of straw to shield it. Give her a screen behind which she can retire in modest complacency. If you can contrive to make her think that the whole proceeding is surreptitious, so much the better. Most eggs are laid in the forenoon; and since, until the spring is well advanced, it is not safe to leave them in the nests overnight, it is well to collect them about three o'clock in the afternoon, before the soberest birds begin to think of going to roost.

The mistake made by many who wish to raise chickens—if not for profit without loss—is in building expensive houses, with so many "fads" in the way of perches, nest boxes, ventilators, and even heaters, that no hens, however conscientious, can live up to the expectation of subsequent remuneration. If you have a house already, make the best of it. If you contemplate the alteration of this, or the erection of another, I venture to describe a homely structure, revised from a mere shed, that has served my purpose well. At one end of the long side of the shed, which is battened on the inside to make it storm-proof, a door admits the mistress into a passage running through to another door, opening upon the stable-yard, into which

guano and other refuse can be thrown. To the right, as she enters, are bins for feed. In the far corner stands the box over which the nest-hay is shaken, and this is emptied daily. On the left are tiers of nest-boxes, arranged like drawers, with handles on the outermost ends. There is sufficient space between the tiers to let the hens pass in and out. Below them a wire net-work extends to the floor; a gate of the same material leads into the roosting-place. Without entering this, the mistress can pull out one drawer after another, remove eggs, shake out the hay, and put the nest in order. In winter, when this work is over, she unlatches the gate and throws food to the inmates of the larger area. In summer they are fed out of doors. The floor of the roosting-place is of cement; the perches are laid in open grooves, and can be taken out and cleaned at will. At the far end of the shed, shut off by a board door from the noisy scenes of the middle compartment, is the hatching-room. It, with the rest of the house, is lighted by glazed and netted windows looking southward. A door in the back of the roosting-place gives upon a large poultry-yard.

AN EMERGENCY CLOSET.

I think we have all known what it is to be aroused from a sound sleep by the terrible sounds of the croupy cough (at least we who are mothers), and we have sometimes remembered with dismay that we had no ipecac or other remedy at hand. And some of us—I trust not many—have seen our teething babies go into convulsions in the middle of the night, when there was no fire in the kitchen stove nor hot water in the boiler. Lesser evils, too, as burns, cut fingers, and so on—how often where there is a family of little children do we have to doctor such ills! So after a good many tribulations for lack of the right thing at the right moment, I established in my home an emergency closet.

Its position recommended it most highly. In the corridor between my own door and that of the nursery it stood, and it seemed to have been made for nothing else, for it was shallow, with many shelves across one-half of its space, and the other half was reserved for hanging purposes.

The first rule I made was this: nobody was to go to it except in an emergency. The next rule forbade anything being placed in it save by myself. The third and last was that the key should always hang beside the locked door, beyond the reach of the little ones.

And having prepared my closet and announced my rules, I proceeded to arrange the interior and classify its contents.

The top shelf contained medicines, all distinctly and carefully labelled, and with good stout corks or glass stoppers in the bottles. Little boxes of ointments and salves stood well in view in one corner, and there were three spoons of the three sizes called for in giving medicine. On the shelf below was a box of mustard plasters, a bundle of old linen, some of it cut into strips and rolled for bandages, and some left in large pieces as needed; a bundle of white flannel, old and soft; a pile of half-worn towels; another of old sheets; and a thin old blanket, to be put around a hot bath while giving it to a sick baby. On the same shelf, by the mustard plasters, was a jar of mustard, one of flaxseed, and one of hops.

On the lowest shelf stood a coal-oil stove, a large copper kettle, and a deep tin foot-tub large enough to hold a child of two years with plenty of hot water to cover it to the neck. Here also were sponges of different sizes.

From the hooks hung several useful articles. A warm eider-down flannel wrapper, too faded to see daylight, but the very thing for a sudden tumble out of one's warm bed in the cold winter nights; other flannel garments of various sizes useful as wrappings for children, bags of herbs, bags of woollen rags, bags of old linen too far gone for anything but lint, and a number of other odds and ends, all having a distinct and well-known value. Having placed each article in its established position, I could go to my "emergency closet" in the dark if needful, and place my hand on exactly what I wanted. If my sisters who are house-mothers will try my plan, I am sure they will acknowledge that it is a good

one. For my part, I know not how I managed at all in the days when I had no "emergency closet."—*Maria Pendleton Kennedy, in Harper's Bazar.*

A BACK PIAZZA.

If the new house is to be built, put a broad porch, or better, a piazza, the whole length back of the house. Insist upon this, even if there is less ornament in front. Hot summer days most of the work worried through in close kitchens could be carried on outside, like shelling peas, washing dishes or, with an oil stove, that dreaded of all working, ironing. Have the hammock in one corner, for the busy mother to rest in; or a fretful baby can be soothed into sleep outside the hot chamber, and occasionally, to the delight of the children, the table can be set, and get them to trim it with the roses or wild flowers, or even leaves. Now as to the shade: Plant morning-glories or balloon vines, and let them run to the roof on strings. One piazza is shaded by a sumac, dug from the woods not far away. The branches are very thick, and in the fall, with its curious flowers and colored foliage, is a very interesting shrub or tree. A covered piazza open at the side is invaluable for plants, as they can be kept there until heavy frost. A lady has one of these additions to the back of her house, and says she could hardly get along without it. She has movable sides of boards, and can make a nice bedroom, when there is an unusual number of guests. In the fall, large glass windows are put in, and there is a good place for plants. Such an outdoor summer sitting room may be a little expensive in the first place; but it may lessen your doctor's bill more than you will ever know. —*New York Independent.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—Peel and slice a layer of apples in the bottom of a dish, then a layer of bread crumbs that have been softened in water. Repeat this until the dish is full, sweetening the apples every time. Finish with a layer of bread and dot with bits of butter. Fill up with water and bake. Serve while warm with cream and sugar.

A GOOD PLAIN PUDDING.—One cupful of sour milk, a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of dried berries—sliced green apples are good—and cornmeal to make a batter as thick as for Johnny cake. Steam half an hour and eat with sweetened cream. I find a round cake tin with a centre tube an excellent dish in which to steam puddings.

A HEALTHFUL DESSERT is easily made by soaking two-thirds of a cupful of pearl tapioca over night in a pint and a half of cold water. In the morning place over the fire and cook slowly until soft and clear, adding more water if necessary. Sweeten to taste and pour it over a can of blackberries or strawberries which has been emptied into an earthen pudding dish; place in the oven until well mixed and cooked together; then pour into a warmed glass dish. When cold, drop over it a few tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. This delicious addition, though difficult to prepare in summer for those who have no ice, is easily made when cream is cold enough to froth nicely with an egg-beater.

MOTHER'S BREAD.—Put two quarts of flour into a pan, and pour boiling water over it until nearly all the flour is wet. Stir the flour while pouring on the water. Add one pint of cold water, and beat well. Let it stand until lukewarm, then add one cup of potato yeast, butter the size of an egg and half a teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make a stiff dough. Turn it out on the moulding board and work in more flour by slashing it with a sharp knife. Slash, add flour and knead until the dough is stiff and smooth. You cannot get too much flour into it. Let it stand until morning, then knead it down without removing it from the pan. After breakfast, turn it out on the board, and knead it for ten minutes, then put it back and let it rise as much as possible without smelling like wine, and make it into loaves. When the loaves are light they should be put into a hot oven which is allowed to cool gradually until the bread is done. Bread made in this way will keep fresh a long time.

CUSTARD PIE.—A noted epicure of the generation just passed away said that no custard pie was worth the name unless it was just as thick as he could bite through. The best dish for custard pie is an old-fashioned pie pan about an inch and a half deep. The crust should be rolled out somewhat larger than the dish, then the edges may be folded in to make a stiff rim about the upper part of the pan. Some cooks break the eggs over this crust, move them about until the entire surface is covered with the white of the egg, turn them out into the custard dish and set the crust for five minutes in a very hot oven; this is said effectually to prevent the crust from soaking. For a pie of this size allow four eggs, three cups of milk and one of cream, a cup of sugar and pinch of salt. Some people beat the sugar with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, then add the eggs beaten thoroughly and, last of all, the milk. Unless the milk is quite rich, it is a good plan to beat in with the sugar and eggs one heaping teaspoonful of corn-starch, but with rich milk and an abundance of eggs this is not necessary. When the custard is in the pan, grate over the top about one-third of a small nutmeg. The pie should cook in a moderately hot oven until thoroughly set, and if slightly brown is much improved in flavor.

A LADY.

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister, who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy
For her to admire and to enjoy!

This lady has on her parlor floor
A lovely rug from Syrian shore;
Its figures were woven with curious art.
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the Gospel never comes.

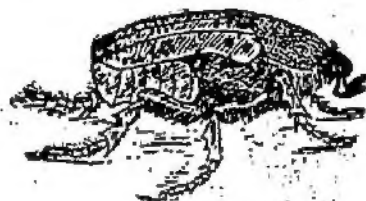
To shield my lady from chilling draught
Is a Japanese screen or curious craft,
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives,
Not even one little thought—ah me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed;
The fabric soft was in India made,
Will she think of the country whence it came?
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor and sad and forlorn,
To those who know not that Christ is born?
—Woman's Work for Woman.

CHAMPION ATHLETES.

If our readers were asked to name the animal which can carry on its back the heaviest burdens they would, perhaps, all choose the elephant. But if asked to name the living creature which is strongest in proportion to its own size and weight, there would be a difference of opinion.

Many would still mention the elephant, some the grizzly bear, others the horse or the ox; a few, perhaps, the tiger or lion. Florida boys and girls might name the land tortoise or "gopher," so common in that state, because they have seen one of these sturdy little fellows put out its feet and walk off with a man standing on its back.



Samson Beetle (twice natural size).

Possibly a few young naturalists would think of the Samsons of the insect world, the powerful beetles and ants which they have seen carrying loads of enormous dimensions in proportion to their own size and weight. A dwarf may be proportionally stronger than a giant, because it has less of its own weight to carry.

A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds can carry three hundred pounds on his shoulders, while a horse weighing twelve hundred pounds can barely stagger under a burden equal to his own weight.

Similarly a horse is proportionately stouter than an elephant. An animal much larger than the elephant could hardly drag its own weight along, much less force its way through the tangled forests and jungles of India and Central Africa. A bird much larger than the condor would be too heavy to soar in flight. The whale could not sustain its own enormous weight except for the buoyant support of salt water.

To take opposite extremes, let us compare the ant with the elephant. A wall ten feet high will stop the progress of the elephant, but the ant can drag a dead fly three times his own size and weight over an obstacle which, in proportion to the ant's size, is greater than a four-story house is compared with the elephant's size.

Continued observation of feats of strength and agility in insects has led me recently to make experiments which, even in view of the facts just referred to, will be found surprising and interesting. Having noticed certain thick-limbed and hard-shelled beetles burrowing in the earth and moving heavy clods, I determined to make an exact measurement of the strength of these herculean fellows.

I prepared little sacks of the lightest muslin, and put into them exact weights of fine shot. Some of these sacks held a quarter of an ounce, some half an ounce, others one ounce, and a few two and even four ounces each. I filled the sacks loosely, so that they would lie firmly on the back of an insect without falling off. The weigh-

ing was done with a chemist's balance which turned with the tenth part of a grain.

My first trial was with the great black water-beetle, known as *Dytiscus*, often found in pools, troughs and mill-dams. I put a four-ounce bag of shot on his back, and he walked off with ease. I continued to add weights until he flatly refused to carry more, and I found at last that he could walk slowly under a load of twelve ounces. I then weighed the beetle himself and found that he turned the beam a seventeen grains.

This proves that our water-beetle can carry on his back three hundred and nine times his own weight.

Now let us compare this performance with that of other members of the animal kingdom. If a boy weighing ninety pounds possessed the water-beetle's ratio of strength to weight, he could walk with a weight of thirteen and a half tons on his shoulders! If a mule weighing eight hundred pounds could carry three hundred times his own weight, his load would amount to a hundred and twenty tons. But in fact the mule could barely stagger under a burden of eight hundred pounds. Hence our water-bug, in proportion to its weight, is three hundred times as strong as an average mule.

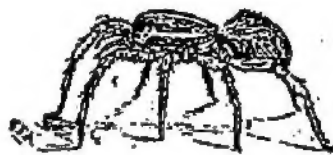
I next experimented on the large yellow beetle known as the "gold-bug." My specimen weighed eight and a half grains, and was fully able to sustain a load of ten ounces, or about five hundred and twenty times his own weight.

The brown "pinching-bug," as he is called, almost ran away with the ten ounces of shot piled on his back, though he is lighter than the gold-bug, and finally carried more than six hundred times his own weight.

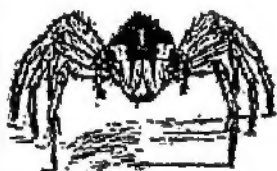
At this rate an ox weighing one thousand pounds would bear a burden of three hundred tons, equal to the weight of water contained in a swimming-tank eighty feet long, twenty-four feet wide and five feet deep.

No, yet convinced that I had found the stoutest insect, I went on testing the powers of various species. But I soon satisfied myself that nothing was to be gained by leaving the beetles, as they far surpassed ants, hornets, crickets and locusts in strength.

At last I observed a medium-sized beetle which seemed to burrow in the earth with wonderful strength. After finding his weight to be four and two-tenths grains, I piled my little bags of shot on his sturdy back until the limit of his power to move them was reached. His load was then a trifle over eight and a quarter ounces—



Ariel Spider (side view).



Ariel Spider (front view).



Ariel Spider (natural size).

exactly eight hundred and fifty-eight times his own weight.

At this rate an elephant weighing three tons could carry a load of more than twenty-five hundred tons—the weight of a ball of solid gold more than twenty feet in diameter, and worth more than twelve hundred million dollars!

So far as my experiments have gone, this brown beetle is entitled to rank as the champion lifter of the world, until another can be found to surpass him. He is known to naturalists as the *Euphoricanda*, but I prefer to call him the Samson beetle.

I next turned my attention to the question, Where may we find the world's swiftest runner? Is it the greyhound, the Western jack-rabbit, or the coyote? No; all these are left behind by the Arabian steed and the English or Kentucky race-horse, with his record of a mile in a minute and a half. But even he is a slow creeper in comparison with the racers of the insect world.

To test this matter it was necessary

to measure carefully the length of each contestant, and then to time his speed over a convenient level surface. Of course my racers all ran against time, for I could not train them to start side by side at the word "Go." Much time and patience were required, because each insect had to be tried several times in order to insure correct results.

After many and careful experiments I came to the conclusion that the champion runner is a spider. Spiders, though closely related to the true insects, are not properly classed with them. True insects have eight legs instead of six, and spiders differ in other respects from the construction which naturalists hold to be strictly characteristic of insects.

There is a dark gray, brown-striped spider of small size, common everywhere in the long grass, weeds and moss in woods and fields from early spring to late fall. Spiders of this species build no webs, but roam about in search of their prey through the miniature tangled forests of stems and stalks, running with wonderful swiftness and easily overtaking the insects on which they feed. They are the tigers of the insect world.

I captured, with some difficulty, several specimens of their kind, and tried their speed on smooth rocks, logs and fence-rails, with remarkable results. I selected one that measured three-sixteenths of an inch long, and timed his run across my oilcloth-covered desk twenty-three inches wide. He ran this distance in one and a quarter seconds.

He was made to repeat this again and again. These tests showed that he ran nearly a hundred times his own length in a second.

Imagine for a moment that a race-horse seven feet long could move with proportional speed. At that rate he would run seven hundred feet in a second, or nearly eight miles in a minute. The fastest horse can run eight and a half times his own length in a second. Therefore our little spider runs more than eleven times faster than the horse.

Suppose, again, that a railway engine measuring forty feet in length could run a hundred times that space in a second. Its rate would then be over forty-five miles per minute, or twenty-seven hundred miles per hour!

If our spider could be enlarged to the size of such an engine, and could run in like proportion to his present speed, he would get over the road one hundred miles while the engine was running three miles. He could travel from New York to San Francisco in less than three hours.

There may be faster racers than this brown spider, but we may call him champion until another is found more worthy. Let us give him a name suited to his magical speed, and call him the Ariel spider, after a runner that Shakespeare has made famous.

Next I am going to prove that the champion long-distance leapers and standing high jumpers are found in the ranks of our six and eight-legged performers.

Most of my readers have seen the feats of grasshoppers and crickets. Some have also noticed in grass and on bushes the small, sharp-headed green and brown hoppers very abundant in late summer. These are all high and far leapers.

When they reach the final stage of their growth they, like the true grasshoppers, get wings which help them through the air. It would be unfair to allow those to compete whose wings had appeared; so I made my experiments with specimens that were still in the larva stage. After trying the leaping powers of many grasshoppers, I found one just three-quarters of an inch long that made a leap of forty inches. A katydid without wings did a little better.

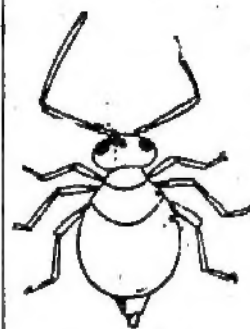
If a toad three inches long could do as well in proportion, he could hop a distance of thirteen feet. The kangaroo is the leader in this line among quadrupeds; but fancy our amazement to see a kangaroo three feet long leap a hundred and fifty-six feet!

Among the little green-hoppers referred to above I found one, about one-eighth of an inch long, which leaped one hundred and forty-eight times his length. I started him from a leaf, and he sprang to a grass-stalk eighteen and a half inches distant.

If the flea were a long-distance leaper, his wonderful hind legs would enable him

to leave the grasshoppers and even the green-hoppers far behind. Fleas often leap over a horizontal distance of more than a hundred times their length; but their jump is always much higher than it is broad. They often spring upward to a great height, and come down almost at the spot from which they started.

Podura, or Spring-tail (lateral view). a. Spring-piece, in place for jumping. b. Suction tube for adherence to smooth surfaces.



Podura, or Spring-tail (dorsal view).



Podura, or Spring-tail. Spring-piece extended behind after jumping.

A man of six feet with all behind proportional powers could in nine leaps reach the summit of our highest Alleghany mountains, supposing the inclination to measure three miles from base to peak. Returning, he could make the distance in three outward and downward leaps.

Perhaps the most interesting thought in this connection relates to the safety of alighting after such a descent. Some of my young friends have read about Darius Green and his flying machine:

"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but they ain't such a 'mazin' sight
Of fun in it when ye come to light!"

A man leaping downward a distance of three thousand feet would gain the speed of a cannon ball and be dashed to pieces. The flea, falling not more than eight feet, comes down as lightly as a snowflake.

Thus natural laws protect the humblest forms of life, and render easy the remarkable feats which we continually observe.

Granting, then, that the flea is the champion high jumper, let us look again for a long-distance leaper that can surpass the green-hoppers.

I happened to recall to mind a curious family of insects—the *Poduridae*, or spring-tails—possessed of a sort of seventh leg or spring-piece, which is so placed under the body as to give the creature a powerful aid in leaping. I tried various members of this family, and at last found a tiny fellow hardly one-fiftieth of an inch long, which made a clear leap of five hundred and twenty times his length.

Of course he had a great advantage in the possession of his spring-piece in performing this amazing feat.

But if the toad and the kangaroo could do as well as the spring-tail in proportion to his size, the toad could hop a distance of a hundred and thirty feet, and the kangaroo more than a quarter of a mile!—
S. Frank Aaron, in *Youth's Companion*.

A NEEDED REFORM.

Several of the large railway systems of the country have inaugurated a temperance reform, insisting that all train employees shall be abstainers from drink, and a number of men have been discharged recently on their refusal to be total abstainers. The authorities argue that even if a man is sober during his hours of duty, if he over-drinks one day, he cannot as safely perform his duty the next, in a position where human life depends upon a clear head and a steady hand.

Discipline in the army has been defined as "that which makes it more dangerous for the soldier to go back than to go on." It is that sort of discipline which must be applied to the present political parties in England and America, that they may stand by such temperance legislation as we have secured and go on to give us that which shall be better still.

LUCY LARCOM.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, IN "NEW YORK INDEPENDENT."

It was the softest September day that ever blessed New England. It was a day of celestial skies and golden hazes and fiery foliage—a day when the very rocks seemed to melt before the eyes, and all hard outlines to move and waver as if they sought to merge themselves in mist, and cloud and sea. It was one of the days when the material struggles toward the spiritual so subtly yet so surely, that one can see it between the half-closed eyelids and hear it between one's heart-beats. It was the day when our great Christian poet was borne to his burial.

The funeral of Whittier was in some respects one of the most extraordinary of our times. It differed from the great urban funeral scenes as much as his peaceful rural life differed from the histories of men who move and have their being in town, and travel, and public appearance and electric action. As we all remember, the last scenes that honored him were enacted in the open air in his own garden, with the autumn flowers burning about, and the late birds singing above.

The Quaker form of service, quaint, old-fashioned, assured, and indifferent to the opinions of "the world," went peacefully its appointed way, to its leisurely end; and by the ceremonials of his own faith he was buried, as he had chosen. All day the common people whom he loved, and who loved him, poured in and out of the threshold of his simple Amesbury home; thousands upon thousands of them to take a last look at his precious face.

It was, above all else, a people's funeral. As one watched the press and mass of faces, one felt that here was the kind of tribute, which, out of all others, one would prefer for the last which human regret should offer on one's burial day.

In deference, perhaps, to the wishes of his literary friends, or to his well-known sympathy with the higher interests of thoughtful women, whose advancement he had so long and so chivalrously championed, a pleasant departure from the conventional thing was arranged in the choice of his honorary bearers. Among these were numbered four women, all personal friends of his—Mrs. Governor Claflin, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and the writer of this. We three are left. The fourth has just dropped beside us—the first of his bearers, and, so far as I know, the first of his old friends to follow him.

As I sat in Trinity Church to-day, listening to the triumphant Episcopal burial service, and to the joyful hymns chosen to celebrate her release from a life which she herself has done so much to make cheerful and strong, and in which she herself had so limited a share of human joy—I thought of that September sky and that garden funeral.

When the flower-covered casket—not black but quiet gray, "like Lucy," and when the mourners—none of them clad in mourning—passed down the broad aisle to the strains of one of Trinity's most ringing chants, I recalled the likeness (for there was a likeness, no matter how deep their differences) between the great poet and his sister singer. They were lifelong friends; and as she was borne out into the gray April day, from the sombre church interior I could almost hear him say in the hearty tones which so many of his chosen friends will so well recall: "Well, Lucy, I am glad thee've come!"

It was impossible to leave the historic church—from whose aisles but a few weeks since its own great pastor was borne for the last time amid the tears of fifteen thousand people—without giving our thoughts to another of the friends of her whom we were there to honor to-day. It is said that, when his last illness fell upon Bishop Brooks, Miss Larcom, herself then stricken with mortal disease, caused a few written words of sympathy to be sent to him; and, in that little note she said that she would never see him again in this world: "But we shall soon meet in the next."

He was then too spent to write; but, the word goes, that he was able to send a message in answer to her farewell signal.

Thus, in the solemn brotherhood of the believers' trust and joy, the great souls pass.

The literary career of Lucy Larcom has

been an interesting one from certain points of view peculiar to herself. She stands in our thoughts for two things—the power of the innate poetic gift to fight its way to the front, and the power of a devout life to elevate the poetic gift.

As we all know, she began at heavy odds. The picture of the young girl in the factory at Lowell, dreaming over the loom, whose toil should purchase education, is one which we have long respected. The silken song of the daintiest of literary aristocrats would not dare take on an accent of condescension toward that simple, patient, laborious youth. Its results were too valuable to be ignored. One of the haughtiest of our critics said of one of her later books: "There is something here which we do not mind calling genius."

We pass the phrase with the smile which it deserves; and yet the memory returns to it with pertinacity. Grant the tone of half-grudged respect with which a poet of the people is received, when she chances to be a woman and a Christian, too—yet perhaps the words compress as well as any might the literary estimate of Miss Larcom's work.

ject, Miss Larcom has made the most of her gift, and her works will follow her. The people love her, for she knew how to sing to them. Christians read her, for she expressed them. The doubting and the troubled seek her, for she uplifted them.

Hers has been a good work, balanced and beautiful in spirit; cultivated in expression, and consecrated in aim. She has been dear to thousands, and she will be missed. I would rather have her fame than that of many a poet called greater, as undedicated criticism calls greatness, whose regal gift has been made plebeian by paltry metrical experiments, by mythological mires or doubtful, modern morals, or soulless and aimless imagery. She is no "idle singer of an empty day." Her most human poems—those on Friendship, which we all know—have a serious and a sacred touch:

"A friend,—it is another name for God,
Whose love inspires all love, is all in all.
Profane it not, lest lowest shame befall!
Worship no idol, whether star or clod!
Nor think that any friend is truly thine.
Save as life's closest link with Love Divine."

Her hymns take us to clear and sunlit



LUCY LARCOM.

A great poet she was not; nor did her modest, sweet spirit ever so account herself. A poet she was; and, out of the bars of a life not wholly nor easily set to music, she evolved strains that will linger in our literature—it would be idle to prophesy for how long or how short a time. She sang as the birds beside the Merrimack do—because she could not help it. Her medium of expression was thoroughly musical, fluent and finished. She did not toil nor spin to "make poetry." It sprang from her soul as spontaneously as the current of a stream goes over a cascade. The beauty of her work lay in its naturalness. That it was her nature to be hopeful, cheerful, wholesome and inspiring decided the direction of her special uses; for that these were real and wide is not to be doubted.

Yet when we have said this, we wonder how much her public would have been narrowed had she not been the devout writer that she was. "Hannah binding Shoes," is a good ballad and deserves its popularity; but the religious poems of her later life rise to a strength, and enforce a respect far surpassing that shown by, or shown to her folklore. These last are enviable for their dignity, their symmetry and their usefulness. Many of them rise to inspiration as unquestionably as anything in our devotional literature.

By the old rhetorical rule that, other things being equal, that is the highest works which treat the highest sub-

heights, on which and of which we can always say: It is good to be here.

"O God, how beautiful is life,
Since Thou its soul and sweetness art!
How dies its childish fret and strife.
On Thy all-harmonizing heart!"

"One soul with Thee for evermore,
Borne high beyond the gulfs of death—
A joy that ripples on thy shore—
With Life's vast hymn I blend my breath!"

"Joy, joy to see from every shore
Whereon my step makes pressure fond,
Thy sunrise, reddening still before!
More light, more love, more life beyond!"

A FRUIT-BEARING BRANCH.

Polly Percy was older and wiser in many respects than she was when she started on her journey heavenward; yet many a stumble she had on the rough, old path to the goal. And even now, though for six long years she had been toiling steadily onward, she sometimes felt herself to be as far as ever from the desired haven. This she told Miss Merry one day, and that lady though sympathetic, smiled a little at Polly's woe-begone face.

"So it is a tiresome way?" she said, holding the younger girl's hands.

"Yes, it is," Polly admitted sorrowfully; "and the worst of it is, I don't bear fruit, Miss Merry."

"You mix metaphors, Polly," smiled the other. "And do you really want to bear fruit to His honor, dear?"

Polly nodded. "I don't suppose any

one would think so—but I hoped you would. And I've tried—why, Miss Merry, every morning I take one of the fruits—gentleness or peace or patience, or some one; then I try to add to my faith virtue, and so on; a fresh one every day till all are taken, and then I begin over again. But it's no use. I don't succeed; I'm just as cross and impatient as ever. Now this morning I took charity, and then accused Lorrie of trying to parade her honesty when she owned she whispered in class. Oh, it's no use!"

Again Miss Merry smiled, but this time her sweet blue eyes almost overflowed as she folded her arms about poor Polly.

"Don't," she said, "don't say that. He will give thee the desires of thy heart, dear girl, and he says he will purify unto himself a peculiar people. But are you working in the right way, my Polly? Christ is the Vine and you are—what?"

"A branch."

"And now does a branch bear fruit?"

"By abiding in him; and I do try!"

"One moment, please. And if a branch—one of those, there—is to bear grapes, what must be the condition?"

"It must be joined to a vine."

"And then what makes the fruit grow?"

"Why, the life of the vine, of course,"

Polly said, with a puzzled air; what was all this leading to?

"But suppose it doesn't plan to bear any grapes?"

"Why, of course it doesn't plan, it just bears them; it has to, if it is joined to the vine."

"And," said Miss Merry, closing the nature lesson, "and dear, if we are 'joined to the Vine,' we do not need to plan to bear fruit—the fruit comes; not always as quickly as perhaps we expect, but in the right time, and that time will come more quickly according as the life of the Vine is in us. 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ,' he is none of his, dear Polly, and 'the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.'"

"What a foolish branch I've been!" sighed Polly. "But, Miss Merry, how shall I be able to have that life in me?—do tell me."

And the wiser, older Christian, answered soberly, yet with a glad light in her eyes and a joyfully triumphant note in her voice: "Polly, Jesus is the Word; he says he is come that we, Polly Percy and Merry Lambert, may have life, and that we may have it more abundantly; dear, you and I must let the word of Christ dwell in us."

And Polly has given up trying to bear fruit; and people are beginning to see in her life rich clusters of the fruits of the Spirit, of which one is peace.—*Well-Spring.*

DON'TS FOR CHRISTIANS.

Don't speak impatiently to children.

Don't go where you cannot ask Jesus to go with you.

Don't get so far away from home that you have to leave your religion behind you.

Don't forget that no matter where you are somebody is looking at you.

Don't go where you would not be willing to die.

Don't give advice to others that you are not willing to follow.

Don't look where you know it isn't safe to walk.

Don't go where you would not have your children to follow you.

Don't go to sleep until you can forgive everybody.—*Rum's Horn.*

LINE UPON LINE.

It is so much harder to lodge spiritual truth in the human mind than secular or scientific, that the Bible teacher must needs give "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Begin the new lesson by reviewing the past, sometimes for several weeks past, when the lessons are on the same line. Then sum up as you proceed to add the new truths, and at the close sum up and review on all points made, and present the lesson as a whole.—*Sunday School Teacher.*

DO IT NOW.

"Do it now the kindly deed,
Speak it now, the cheering word;
Some one waits, maybe his need
Presses sorely. Good deferred,
Robs of half its bliss intent,
Giver and recipient."



A DOG IN THE HOSPITAL.

About a year and a half ago the patients under treatment in the famous Guy's Hospital, London, included a large black and white mongrel dog, which had been seen to enter the hospital ground and hop on three legs in the direction of the surgery. Some children drew the attention of a student to the dog, and he took it into the surgery, where an examination showed that it was suffering from a broken leg. The injured limb was set, but as soon as the dog was well enough to have the splint removed, it refused "to take its discharge" from the surgery, where the students supply it with food. They have named the four-footed patient "Jack." An artist from the "Pall Mall Budget," arrived when Jack's splints were being adjusted, and made the above sketch.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING,
CHAPTER V.

"Oh, that a man might know the end of this day's business ere it comes!"—*Julius Caesar.*



EARS of living amongst soldiers had increased, rather than diminished, Mrs. Jones' relish for the sights and sounds of military life. The charm of novelty is proverbially great, but it is not so powerful as that peculiar spell which drew the retired tallow-chandler back to "shop" on melting-days, and which guided the choice of the sexton of a cemetery who only took one holiday trip in the course of seven years, and then he went to a cemetery at some distance to see how they managed matters there. And, indeed, poor humanity may be very thankful for the infatuation, since it goes far to make life pleasant in the living to plain folk who do not make a point of being discontented.

In obedience to this law of nature, the barrack-master's wife did exactly what O'Reilly had expected her to do. As she could not drive to the field-day, she strolled out to see the troops go by. Then the vigor derived from breakfast and the freshness of the morning air began to fail, the

day grew hotter, the camp looked dreary, and deserted, and, either from physical weakness or from some untold cause, a nameless anxiety, a sense of trouble in the air, began to oppress her.

Wandering out again to try and shake it off, it was almost a relief, like the solving of a riddle, to find Blind Baby sitting upon his big drum, too low-spirited to play the "Dead March," and crying because all the bands had "gone right away." Mrs. Jones made friends with him, and led him off to her hut for consolation, and he was soon as happy as ever, standing by the piano and beating upon his basket in time to the tunes she played for him. But the day and the hut grew hotter, and her back ached, and the nameless anxiety reasserted itself, and was not relieved by Blind Baby's preference for the "Dead March" over every other tune with which she tried to beguile him.

And when he had gone back to his own parade, with a large piece of cake and many assurances that the bands would undoubtedly return, and the day wore on, and the hut became like an oven (in the absence of any appliances to mitigate the heat), the barrack-master's wife came to the hasty conclusion that Asholt was hotter than India, whatever thermometers might say; and, too weary to seek for breezes outside, or to find a restful angle of the reclining-chair inside, she folded her hands in her lap and abandoned herself to the most universal remedy for most ills,—patience. And patience was its own reward, for she fell asleep.

Her last thoughts as she dozed off were of her husband and her son, wishing that they were safe home again, that she might assure herself that it was not on their account that there was trouble in the air. Then she dreamed of being roused by the colonel's voice saying, "I have bad news to tell you—" and was really awakened by straining in her dream to discover what hindered him from completing his sentence.

She had slept some time—it was now afternoon, and the air was full of sounds of the returning bands. She went out into the road and saw the barrack-master (he was easy to distinguish at some distance) pause on his homeward way, and then she saw her son running to join his father, with his sword under his arm; and they came on together, talking as they came.

And as soon as they got within earshot she said, "Have you bad news to tell me?"

The colonel ran up and drew her hand within his arm.

"Come indoors, dear love."

"You are both well?"

"Both of us. Brutally so."

"Quite well, dear mother."

Her son was taking her other hand into caressing care; there could be no doubt about the bad news.

"Please, tell me what it is."

"There has been an accident—"

"To whom?"

"To your brother's child; that jolly little chap—"

"Oh, Henry! how?"

"He was standing up in the carriage, I believe, with a dog in his arms. George saw him when he went past—didn't you?"

"Yes. I wonder he didn't fall then. I fancy some one had told him it was our regiment. The dog was struggling, but he would take off his hat to us—"

The young soldier choked, and added with difficulty, "I think I never saw so lovely a face. Poor little cousin!"

"And he overbalanced himself!"

"Not when George saw him. I believe it was when the Horse Artillery was going by at the gallop. They say he got so much excited, and the dog barked, and they both fell. Some say there were people moving a drag, and some that he fell under the horse of a patrol. Anyhow, I'm afraid he's very much hurt. They took him straight home in an ambulance-wagon to save time. Erskine went with him. I sent off a telegram for them for a swell surgeon from town, and Lady Jane promised a line if I send over this evening. O'Reilly must go after dinner and wait for the news."

O'Reilly, sitting stiffly amid the coming and going of the servants at the hall, was too deeply devoured by anxiety to trouble himself as to whether the footman's survey of his uniform bespoke more interest or contempt. But when—just after gun-fire had sounded from the distant camp—Jemima brought him the long-awaited-for note, he caught the girl's hand, and held it for some moments before he was able to say, "Just tell me, miss; is it good news or bad that I'll be carrying back in this bit of paper?" And as Jemima only answered by sobs, he added, almost impatiently, "Will he live, dear? Nod your head if ye can do no more."

Jemima nodded, and the soldier dropped her hand, drew a long breath, and gave himself one of those shakes with which an Irishman so often throws off care.

"Ah, then, dry your eyes, darlin'; while there's life there's hope."

But Jemima sobbed still.

"The doctor—from London—says he may live a good while, but—but—he's to be a cripple all his days!"

"Now wouldn't I rather be meeting a tiger this evening than see the mistress' face when she gets that news!"

And O'Reilly strode back to camp.

Going along through a shady part of the road in the dusk, seeing nothing but the red glow of the pipe with which he was consoling himself, the soldier stumbled against a lad sleeping on the grass by the roadside. It was the tramping Scotchman, and as he sprang to his feet the two Kelts broke into a fiery dialogue that seemed as if it could only come to blows.

It did not. It came to the good-natured soldier's filling the wayfarer's pipe for him.

"Much good may it do ye! And maybe the next time a decent man that's hastening home on the wings of misfortune stumbles against ye, ye'll not be so apt to take offence."

"I ask your pardon, man; I was barely wakened, and I took ye for one of these gay red-coats blustering hamafter a bloodless battle on the field-day, as they ca' it."

"Bad luck to the field-day! A darker never dawned; and wouldn't a bloodier battle have spared a child?"

"Your child? What's happened to the bairn?"

"My child, indeed! And his mother a lady of title, no less."

"What's got him?"

"Fell out of the carriage, and was trampled into a cripple for all the days of his life. He that had set as fine a heart as ever beat on being a soldier; and a grand one he'd have made. 'Sure 'tis a nobleman ye'll be,' says I. 'Tis an owld soldier I mean to be, O'Reilly,' says he. And—"

"Fond of the soldiers—his mother a leddy? Man? Had he a braw new velvet coat and the face of an angel on him?"

"He had so."

"And I that thoct they'd all this world could offer them!—A cripple? Ech, sirs!"

(To be Continued.)

AN ANIMATED PINCUSHION.

It is rather startling, unless one has seen it before, to come upon a curious prickly ball with earth and dry leaves sticking to it, and while wondering what it might be, to see a head and feet and tail thrust out until a small animal not unlike a mole is quite complete. The tail, to be sure, scarcely counts, as it is only an inch long, and the head is shorter than that of the mole, but the comical little hedgehog belongs to the same family. He is not often seen in the Middle States, as he seems to prefer the colder regions, and he is quite at home in England, where his nest may be found in groves and thickets, and even in gardens.

English literature is quite full of hedgehogs, who have pointed morals and adorned tales for centuries, and as a knowledge of natural history has greatly increased in that time, the point of some of these allusions is quite destroyed, as, for instance, when a poet says,

'Like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
'Tormenting himself with his bristles.'

A hedgehog knows better than to roll up the wrong way, and he never torments himself with his bristles. All this is provided for; as the prickles or "spines" cover only the upper part of the body to the strong muscles of the sides—which enable him to roll up and unroll at his pleasure—while the under part is protected with thick fur. All he has to do when he dreads an enemy is to tuck his head under his breast and draw in his legs; and this rolls him up the right way very quickly. An interesting performance not often witnessed is the hedgehog's method of getting down from a height, which is merely to let himself drop and turn into a ball before he touches the ground. After a short rest, he unrolls himself and travels off as sound as ever.

In old times the hedgehog has been accused of doing a great many preposterous things that it could not possibly do if it tried. Ignorant people declared that it stole the cows' milk at night, when these animals were sleeping in the meadows, and that it would roll itself over on fallen apples and other orchard fruit, and carry them off on the ends of its spines. Some even believed that it climbed the trees and knocked down the apples! He does eat eggs when he can get at them, but no hedgehog ever yet rolled on them, and then ran away with his ill-gotten spoils. There would not ordinarily be much left after that first performance.

Our pincushion likes bread and milk and many civilized things; but for a night of wild revelry it asks nothing better than to be let loose in the hall of a country house, where it is sometimes kept as a pet and a devourer of vermin, to enter into lively engagements with the beetles and snapping-bugs and crickets that are sure to abound. It catches mice, too, as cleverly as a cat does; but for a steady residence it prefers the garden.

The hedgehog's favorite weakness is snakes, and it loves them well enough to eat them. It has a comical way, when it encounters one, of pushing it over to see if it bites; and as the indignant snake does not leave it long in doubt, the little animal bites off the end of its enemy's tail, and eats its way up, paying no attention to the stings it receives at intervals. A good-sized snake will usually serve for two meals, but sooner or later it is always eaten.—*Harper's Young People.*

TWO WISHES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"I wish that the teacher had lessons to learn,"
Said Molly, the wise little elf;

"She would know they were hard and be sorry,
If she had to do them herself."

And the teacher, at home, in the gloaming,

Sighed gently, "I wish that they knew,
The dear little children, how easy,

'Tis just to have lessons to do!"
—*Harper's Young People.*



THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER VI

"I will do it... for I am weak by nature, and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. Thero God acteth, and not his creature."—Lady Jane Grey.



LEONARD was to some extent spoiled child. But it demands a great deal of unselfish foresight, and of self-discipline, to do more for a beautiful and loving pet than play with it.

And if his grace and beauty and high spirits had been strong temptations

to give him everything he desired, and his own way above all, how much greater were the excuses for indulging every whim when the radiant loveliness of health had faded to the wan wistfulness of pain, when the young limbs bounded no more, and when his boyish hopes and hereditary ambitions were cut off by the shears of a destiny that seemed drearier than death.

As soon as the poor child was able to be moved his parents took a place on the west coast of Scotland, and carried him thither. The neighborhood of Asholt had become intolerable to them for some time to come, and a soft climate and sea-breezes were recommended for his general health.

Jemima's dismissal was revoked. Leonard flatly, and indeed furiously, refused to have any other nurse. During the first crisis a skilled hospital nurse was engaged, but from the time that he fully recovered consciousness he would receive help from no hands but those of Jemima and Lady Jane.

Far older and wiser patients than he become ruthless in their demands upon the time and strength of those about them; and Leonard did not spare his willing slaves by night or by day. It increased their difficulties and his sufferings that the poor child was absolutely unaccustomed to prompt obedience, and disputed the doc-

tor's orders as he had been accustomed to dispute all others.

Lady Jane's health became very much broken, but Jemima was fortunately possessed of a sturdy body and an inactive mind, and with a devotion little less than maternal she gave up both to Leonard's service.

He had a third slave of his bed-chamber—a black one—the black puppy, from whom he had resolutely refused to part, and whom he insisted upon having upon his bed, to the doctor's disgust. When months passed and the black puppy became a black dog, large and cumbersome, another effort was made to induce Leonard to part with him at night; but he only complained bitterly.

"It is very odd that there cannot be a bed big enough for me and my dog. I am an invalid, and I ought to have what I want."

So The Sweep remained as his bed-fellow. The Sweep also played the part of the last straw in the drama of Jemima's life; for Leonard would allow no one but his own dear nurse to wash his own dear dog; and odd hours, in which Jemima might have snatched a little rest and relaxation, were spent by her in getting the big dog's still lanky legs into a tub, and keeping him there, and washing him, and drying and combing him into fit condition to spring back on to Leonard's coverlet when that imperious little invalid called for him.

It was a touching manifestation of the dog's intelligence that he learned with the utmost care to avoid jostling or hurting the poor suffering little body of his master.

Leonard's fourth slave was his father.

But the master of the house had no faculty for nursing, and was by no means possessed of the patience needed to persuade Leonard for his good. So he could only be with the child when he was fit to be read or played to, and later on, when he was able to be out of doors. And at times he went away out of sight of his son's sufferings, and tried to stifle the remembrance of a calamity and disappointment, whose bitterness his own heart alone fully knew.

After the lapse of nearly two years Leon-

ard suddenly asked to be taken home. He was tired of the shore, and wanted to see if The Sweep remembered the park. He wanted to see if Uncle Rupert would look surprised to see him going about in a wheel-chair. He wanted to go to the camp again, now the doctor said he might have drives, and see if O'Reilly was alive still, and his uncle, and his aunt, and his cousin. He wanted father to play to him on their own organ, their very own organ, and—no, thank you!—he did not want any other music now.

He hated this nasty place and wanted to go home. If he was going to live he wanted to live there, and if he was going to die he wanted to die there, and have his funeral his own way, if they knew a general and could borrow a gun-carriage and a band.

He didn't want to eat or to drink, or to go to sleep, or to take his medicine, or to go out and send The Sweep into the sea; or to be read to or played to; he wanted to go home—home—home!

The upshot of which was, that before his parents had time to put into words the idea that the agonizing associations of Asholt were still quite unendurable, they found themselves congratulating each other on having got Leonard safely home before he had cried himself into convulsions over twenty-four hours' delay.

For a time, being at home seemed to revive him. He was in less pain, in better spirits, had more appetite, and was out a great deal with his dog and his nurse. But he fatigued himself, which made him fretful, and he certainly grew more imperious every day.

His whim was to be wheeled into every nook and corner of the place, inside and out, and to show them to The Sweep. And who could have had the heart to refuse him anything in the face of that dread affliction which had so changed him amid the unchanged surroundings of his old home?

Jemima led the life of a prisoner on the treadmill. When she wasn't pushing him about she was going errands for him, fetching and carrying. She was "never off her feet."

He moved about a little now on crutches, though he had not strength to be very active with them, as some cripples are. But they became ready instruments of his impatience to thump the floor with one end, and not infrequently to strike those who offended him with the other.

His face was little less beautiful than of old, but it looked wan and weird; and his beauty was often marred by what is more destructive of beauty even than sickness—the pinched lines of peevishness and ill-temper. He suffered less, but he looked more unhappy, was more difficult to please, and more impatient with all efforts to please him. But then, though nothing is truer than that patience is its own reward, it has to be learned first. And, with children, what has to be learned must be taught.

To this point Lady Jane's meditations brought her one day as she paced up and down her own morning-room, and stood before the window which looked down where the elm-trees made long shadows on the grass; for the sun was declining, greatly to Jemima's relief, who had been toiling in Leonard's service through the hottest hours of a summer day.

Lady Jane had a tender conscience, and just now it was a very uneasy one. She was one of those somewhat rare souls who are by nature absolutely true. Not so much with elaborate avoidance of lying, or an aggressive candor, as straight-minded, single-eyed, clear-headed, and pure-hearted; a soul to which the truth and reality of things, and the facing of things, came as naturally as the sham of them and the blinking of them comes to others.

When such a nature has strong affections it is no light matter if love and duty come into conflict. They were in conflict now, and the mother's heart was pierced with a two-edged sword. For if she truly believed what she believed, her duty towards Leonard was not only that of a tender mother to a suffering child, but the duty of one soul to another soul, whose responsibilities no man might deliver him from, nor make agreement unto God that he should be quit of them.

And if the disabling of his body did not stop the developing, one way or another, of his mind; if to learn fortitude and patience under his pains was not only his

highest duty but his best chance of happiness,—then, if she failed to teach him these, of what profit was it that she would willingly have endured all his sufferings ten times over that life might be all sunshine for him?

And deep down in her truthful soul another thought rankled. No one but herself knew how the pride of her heart had been stirred by Leonard's love for soldiers, his brave ambitions, the high spirit and heroic instincts which he inherited from a long line of gallant men and noble women. Had her pride been a sham? Did she only care for the courage of the battle-field? Was she willing that her son should be a coward, because it was not the trumpet's sound that summoned him to fortitude? She had strung her heart to the thought that, like many a mother of her race, she might live to gird on his sword; should she fail to help him to carry his cross?

At this point a cry came from below the window, and looking out she saw Leonard, beside himself with passion, raining blows like hail with his crutch upon poor Jemima; The Sweep watching matters nervously from under a garden-seat.

Leonard had been irritable all day, and this was the second serious outbreak. The first had sent the master of the house to town with a deeply knitted brow.

Vexed at being thwarted in some slight manner, when he was sitting in his wheel-chair by the side of his father in the library, he had seized a sheaf of papers tied together with amber-colored ribbon, and had torn them to shreds. It was a fair copy of the first two cantos of "The Soul's Satiety," a poem on which the master of the house had been engaged for some years. He had not touched it in Scotland, and was now beginning to work at it again. He could not scold his cripple child, but he had gone up to London in a far from comfortable mood.

And now Leonard was banging poor Jemima with his crutches! Lady Jane felt that her conscience had not roused her an hour too soon.

The master of the house dined in town, and Leonard had tea with his mother in her very own room; and The Sweep had tea there too.

And when the old elms looked back against the primrose-colored sky, and it had been Leonard's bed-time for half an hour past, the three were together still.

"I beg your pardon, Jemima, I am very sorry, and I'll never do so any more. I didn't want to beg your pardon before, because I was naughty, and because you trod on my Sweep's foot. But I beg your pardon now, because I am good—at least I am better, and I am going to try to be good."

Leonard's voice was as clear as ever, and his manner as direct and forcible. Thus he contrived to say so much before Jemima burst in (she was putting him to bed):

"My lamb! my pretty; you're always good—"

"Don't tell stories, Jemima; and please don't contradict me, for it makes me cross; and if I am cross I can't be good; and if I am not good all to-morrow I am not to be allowed to go downstairs after dinner. And there's a V. C. coming to dinner, and I do want to see him more than I want anything else in all the world."

(To be Continued.)

A YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION.

A better sermon for young men has hardly been given than that of Dr. Stalker at the annual meeting of the Exeter Hall Young Men's Christian Association recently. It reads as follows: "The religion of a young man, what it ought to be and what it ought not to be. I. Not a creed but an experience. II. Not a restraint but an inspiration. III. Not an insurance for the next world but a programme for this world."

AN EXERCISE IN PUNCTUATION.

A funny old man told this to me—

"I fell in a snow-drift in June," said he

"I went to a ball game out in the sea

I saw a jelly-fish float on a tree

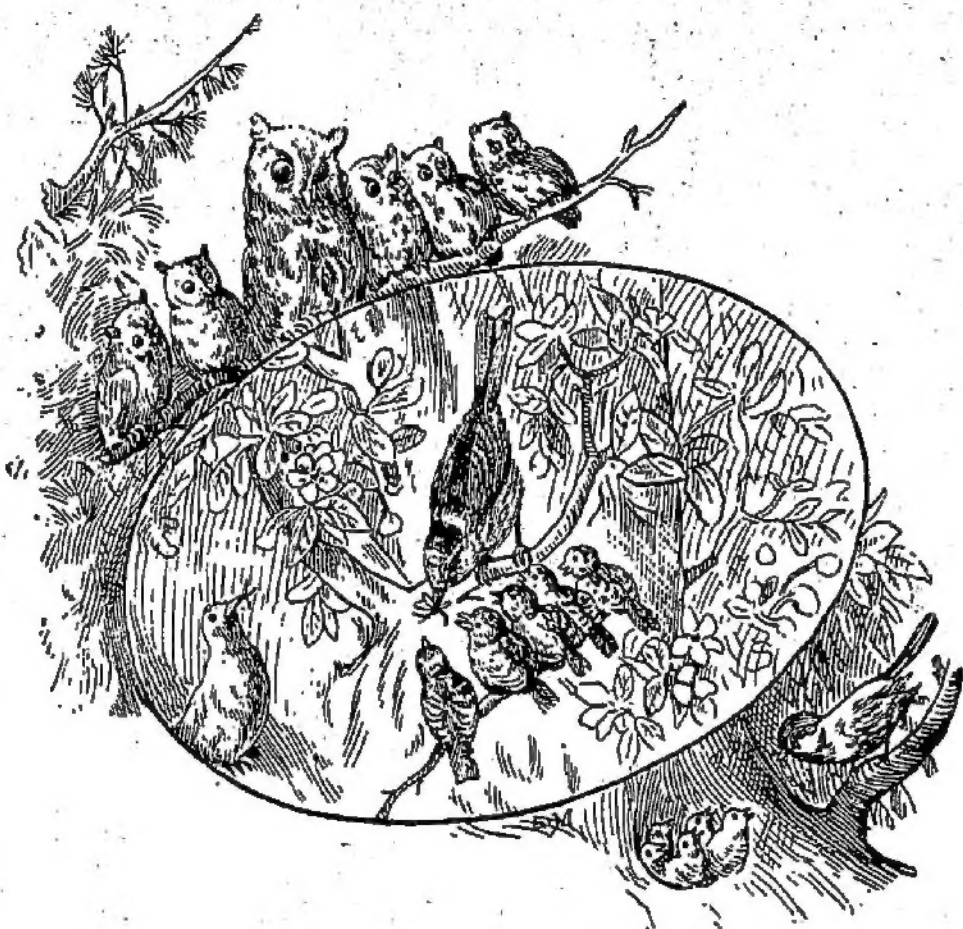
I found some gum in a cup of tea

I stirred the milk with a big brass key

I opened my door on my bonded knee,

I ask your pardon for this," said he,

"But 'tis true; well told as it ought to be,"



EGG-SHELLS AND YOUNG BIRDS.

In May two boys in town wrote to me to explain to them the meaning of the egg-shells, mostly those of robins, that were to be seen lying about on the ground here and there. I supposed every boy knew where most of these egg-shells came from. As soon as the young birds are out, the mother bird removes the fragments of shells from the nest, carrying them in her beak some distance and dropping them here and there. All our song birds, so far as I know, do this.

Sometimes, however, these shells are dropped by blue-jays after their contents have been swallowed. The jay will seize a robin's egg by thrusting his beak into it, and hurry off lest he be caught in the act by the owner. At a safe distance he will devour the contents at his leisure, and drop the shell.

The robins, however, have more than once caught the jay in the act. He has the reputation among them of being a sneak thief. Many and many a time during the nesting season you may see a lot of robins mob a jay. The jay comes slyly prowling through the trees; looking for his favorite morsel, when he is discovered by a vigilant robin, who instantly rushes at him crying, "Thief! thief!" at the top of his voice. All the robins that have nests within hearing gather to the spot and join in the pursuit of the jay, screaming and scolding.

The jay is hustled out of the tree in a hurry, and goes sneaking away with the robins at his heels. He is usually silent, like other thieves, but sometimes the birds make it so hot for him that he screams in anger and disgust.

Of the smaller birds, like the vireos and warblers, the jay will devour the young.

My little boy one day saw a jay sitting beside a nest in a tree, probably that of the red-eyed vireo, and coolly swallowing the just-hatched young, while the parent birds were powerless to prevent him. They flew at him and snapped their beaks in his face, but he heeded them not. A robin would have knocked him off his feet at her first dive.

The belief prevails more or less, that when the eggs of a bird are ready to hatch, the shell is broken by the mother bird. Even Bryant puts this notion into one of his poems.

The mother bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest
Plumed for their earliest flight.

But the notion is erroneous. The young bird breaks its own prison shell, which becomes very brittle at the last. It would be a very risky procedure to aid the young bird in this matter. The struggle to free itself from the shell seems all important.

I once met a gentleman on the train who told me about a brood of quails that had hatched out under his observation. He

was convinced that the mother-quail had broken the shells for the young birds. He sent me one of the shells to convince me that it had been broken from the outside.

At first glance it did appear so. It had been cut around near the large end, with the exception of a small space, as if the regular thrusts or taps from a bird's beak, so that this end opened like the lid of a box on a hinge, and let the imprisoned bird escape. What convinced the gentleman that the force had been applied from the outside was that the edges of the cut or break were bent in.

If we wish rightly to interpret nature, to get at the exact truth of her ways and doings, we must cultivate what is called the critical habit of mind; that is, the habit of mind that does not rest with mere appearances. One must sift the evidence, must cross-question the facts. This gentleman was a lawyer, but he laid aside the cunning of his craft in dealing with this question of these egg-shells.

The bonding in, or the indented appearance of the edge of the shells was owing to the fact that the thin paper-like skin that lines the interior of the shell had dried and shrunken, and had thus drawn the edges of the shell inward. The cut was made by the beak of the young bird, probably by turning its head from right to left; one little point it could not reach, and this formed the hinge of the lid I have spoken of.

Is it at all probable that if the mother bird had done this work she would have left this hinge, and left it upon every egg, since the hinge was of no use? The complete removal of the cap would have been just as well.

Neither is it true that the parent bird shoves its young from the nest when they are ready to fly, unless it be in the case of doves and pigeons. Our small birds certainly do not do this. The young birds will launch out of their own notion as soon as their wings will sustain them, and sometimes before.

There is usually one of the brood a little more forward than its mates, and this one is the first to venture forth. In the case of the bluebird, chickadee, highhole, nut-hatch and others, the young are usually a day or two in leaving the nest.

The past season I was much interested in seeing a brood of chickadees, reared on my premises, venture upon their first flight. Their heads had been seen at the door of their dwelling—a cavity in the limb of a pear tree—at intervals for two or three days.

Evidently they liked the looks of the great outside world; and one evening, just before sundown, one of them came forth. His first flight was of several yards to a locust tree, where he alighted upon an inner branch, and after some chirping and calling proceeded to arrange his plumage, and compose himself for the night.

I watched him till it was nearly dark.

He did not appear at all afraid there alone in the tree, but put his head under his wing and settled down for the night as if it was just what he had always been doing. There was a heavy shower a few hours later, but in the morning he was there upon his perch in good spirits.

I happened to be passing in the morning when another one came out. He hopped out upon a limb, shook himself, and chirped and called loudly. After some moments an idea seemed to strike him. His attitude changed, his form straightened up, and a thrill of excitement seemed to run through him. I knew what it all meant; something had whispered to the bird, "Fly!" With a spring and a cry he was in the air, and made good headway to a near hemlock.

Others left in a similar manner during that day and the next, till all were out.

Some birds seem to scatter as soon as they are out of the nest. With others the family keeps together the greater part of the season. Among birds that have this trait may be named the chickadee, the bluebird, the nut-hatch, the king-bird, the phoebe-bird, and others of the true fly-catchers.

One frequently sees the young of the phoebe sitting in a row upon a limb, while the parents feed them in regular order. Twice I have come upon a brood of young but fully fledged screech-owls in a dense hemlock wood, sitting close together upon a low branch. They stood there like a row of mummies, the yellow curtains of their eyes drawn together to a mere crack, till they saw themselves discovered.

Then they all changed their attitudes as if an electric current had passed through the branch upon which they sat. Leaning this way and that, they stared at me like frightened cats till the mother took flight, when the young followed.

This family of chickadees kept in the trees about my place for two or three weeks. They hunted the same feeding-ground over and over, and always seemed to find an abundance. The parent birds did the hunting, the young did the calling and the eating. At any hour in the day you could find the troop slowly making their way over some part of their territory.

Later in the season one of the parent birds seemed smitten with some fatal malady. If birds have leprosy, this must have been leprosy. The poor thing dropped down through a maple tree close by the house, barely able to flit a few feet at a time. Its plumage appeared greasy and filthy, and its strength was about gone. I placed it in the branches of a spruce tree, and never saw it afterward.—John Burroughs, in *Youth's Companion*.

A NEWSPAPER PARTY.

A rainy summer evening at a mountain resort was passed very entertainingly in impromptu newspaper-making. As late in the afternoon as four o'clock an invitation in rhyme was posted in the hall with the request that each guest should drop an original letter or poem or conundrum or essay into the mail box before eight o'clock, and at that hour repair to the parlor, where all the contributions would be read aloud.

There was considerable curiosity as to the meaning and end of this unusual announcement, but most of the guests accepted the invitation. The mail-box received more than its usual rainy-day contributions, and these were looked over and then read aloud in the parlor by a committee of four. Although no high-water mark of excellence was reached in any particular one, they were all worth listening to. The personal tone of many (always good-natured) gave the most delight to the storm-bound audience.

There was a weather report promising a change of wind and clear skies before morning; a flattering description in verse of the different guests; a European adventure from an old traveller; a sonnet about the mountains; a letter asking for rooms for the Prince of Wales; an acrostic on the proprietor's name; several local conundrums, and an essay on dress reform supposed to be written by Mrs. Cleveland.

Now, this idea could be adapted in more than one way to an evening gathering of bright people. But to be successful the preparations should be condensed into a short space of time. Therefore, it is

really more appropriate for a house party, or where the participants could be got together upon a few hours' notice.

A few suggestions in planning a party of this kind are necessary.

1. It might be well to draw up a list of subjects for contributions to be based upon; or, portion off certain ones to special topics; or, to include selections from those who felt too timid to expose their own compositions.

2. One rule should be made, and that is in reading a contribution not to announce the writer's name.

3. Those who are to do the reading aloud should look over their material before the time, and intersperse the grave with the gay, the matter-of-fact with the imaginative.—Alice M. Kellogg, in *Home-Maker*.

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